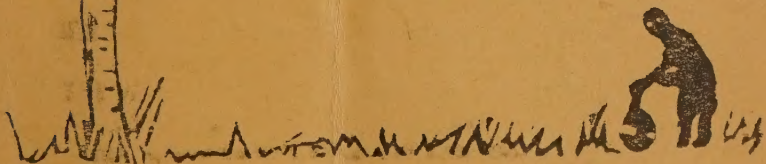
Archives

Congo News Letter

AUGUST 1941



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Congo News Letter

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"HOLD THE FORT" or "MARCHING ON"?

Probably the plans for few conferences are talked of or changed as often as were those of our last one. Almost a year ago it was thought that perhaps only a Reference Committee Meeting would be held this year. Then, as we learned with joy that Mr. Albaugh was planning to be with us, we began to arrange for the biggest gathering we could under the present circumstances. Setting a date was a difficult matter. Our secretary wrote many, many letters conferring with the several stations and the Home Boards. Dates were set, only to be rejected as time went on and we learned of Mr. Albaugh's terrible experience. Yet we hoped, almost until we heard that he was back in New York, that he would arrive to be with us and help us in our many problems. But when we had given up hopes of his presence, the Conference date was again set, after consulting schedules of up-river boats. And again we changed it, when we learned that by advancing it a little we could have the pleasure and inspiration of Dr. Mabie's and Tata and Mama Geil's presence. But finally we definitely fixed August second as the opening date — only changing it from a general session to a meeting of the Committee on Education. Hence it was not until Tuesday morning, August fifth that we met as a Conference.

Seated on the upstairs veranda of the Union Mission House, but screened from the road below by a profusely blooming bougainvillea, for five days the assembled missionaries struggled with problems both many and difficult. Only twenty-three were present, and of these four were on their way to America. But yet only nine remained at the various mission stations. So greatly has the number

of missionaries in Congo diminished. Only one station, Tondo, was not represented. Moanza's staff attended in full force. Banza Manteka's representation was also a hundred percent. But we noted one difference from other years. Delegates from all stations, except Kimpese, used trucks in place of boats and trains as formerly.

Our secretary, in his report at the first session gave us a challenge, not only as a keynote for the Conference but also as a motto for the future. He said "Shall we missionaries sing, 'Hold the Fort' or 'Marching On'?"

Morning and evening sessions were held daily. The afternoons were devoted to committee meetings, when small groups wrestled with the weighty problems of Evangelism, Education, Staffing, and Finances. Each morning and evening work was laid aside for a period of devotions.

Rejoicing, anxiety, pleasure, deep concern and uncertainty all played their parts in the program. We were pleased to hear of the beautiful and adequate buildings erected by Mr. Atkins at Moanza. The hospital, church, school, residences, etc. comprise—as one missionary stated—"a gem of a station". We were to hear how the Book Shop, The *Librairie des Missions Evangélique*, has grown under the pressure of existing war conditions and the efficient management of Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Carpenter, from a humble beginning to a large and important concern, not only handling hundreds of thousands of francs in its business, but even making school tablets, record and account books, etc. for use on mission stations throughout Congo.

But we were greatly concerned over the dwindling of our Congo staff. From 46 missionaries under the General Board and 12 under the Woman's in 1935, we have decreased to 34 under the General Board and 14 under the Woman's to-day. With 8 or 10 of these at home on furlough each year, not enough are left on the field to give efficient service on our eight stations. But we were pleased to have Mr. and Mrs. Baiotti, who have been rendering very effective aid in the work at Léopoldville for several months, with us and invited them to be present at all our sessions.

We were also delighted to hear that the Board was sending a new couple, Rev. and Mrs. Roland Metzger. But that joy was short-lived. For immediately after the conference, we received a cablegram informing us that they had been unable to secure passports. We also knew that Dr. and Mrs. Freas were en route and we lived in daily anticipation of having them walk in on the conference. But all that came was a telegram marked "without origin" stating that the Freas's would arrive "at end of month". As before stated, the conference date was changed to enable us to have Dr. Mabie and Tata and Mama Geil with us. But even that was "smiling through tears." We all knew that for Dr.Mabie it was her last Field Conference. And the Geils, too, claimed that they had reached the time to say "Good-bye" to Congo and stay in America for a much needed rest. But Congo cannot spare them yet and we hope that a year at home will put them in such good health that they will come back to us again. The conference asked the Home Board to urge them to return. "Furloughs" and "staffing" gave the committes several hours of difficult work, but they finally, with a few changes of designations, managed to put some missionaries on each post to endeavor to "Hold the Fort" if they could not be "Marching On". At least no station had to be closed, no work given up or any schools disbanded.

The Finance Committee probably had a few headaches. With the real treasurer on furlough, war playing havoc with exchange and communications with New York, money matters have been quite complicated. But in spite of all that, they managed to increase our appropriations for the coming year! *Not* because folks at home are giving us greater sums, but because the appropriations granted in dollars in the same amount as last year, at the present rate of exchange become more francs!

Only twice during the week did we lay aside our work for a short period and take part in a little social enjoyment. On Wednesday afternoon we met for a most enjoyable tea-party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of the C.P.C.

And on Friday evening we gathered in theU.M.H. dining-room for a special event. At tables decorated with flowers and with mats and napkins commemorating the seventieth anniversary of the W.A.B.F.M.S., we partook of our final dinner with Dr. Mabie. We tried to make it a happy time to show our love for her. But, in the speeches not all voices were steady. And not only the heat accounted for the moisture on many faces. Because, with the going of Dr. Mabie, Congo will not be quite the same. We all look up to her, we all respect her judgment, we all love her. We know her wonderful ability. We marvel at her infinite patience. We consider her that ideal missionary to whom we all wish to attain. We shall miss her. We shall miss her beautiful white head in our gatherings We shall miss her voice. We shall look for her twinkling eyes and listen for her happy laugh in vain. But we would not hold her back. She has done much for Congo. She is tired and needs rest. But we know she has been happy here in spite of her strenuous work, for her last words to us that evening were "If I could have one wish granted to-night, I would wish that I were just twenty-six again, and coming out to Congo!" May we pay our tribute to her, by trying to follow in her footsteps. We shall not attain such heights as she, but we shall be "Marching On!"

By the time the conference ended many matters had been taken up, discussed and adopted. It is not necessary here to list the actions for those interested may read the minutes. But the consensus of opinion was, that though we realize our difficult circumstances, that though we feel too few and weak to carry on a work such as we wish, that though "fierce and long the battle rages", yet we know that "In our Leader's name we triumph", not in our own might. So it is not sufficient to "Hold the Fort". We must continue to try to march on, and together with our faithful helpers in this country and the coöperation of those at home we shall sing as we march

"To the work! to the work!
There is labour for all

For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be."

RUTH ERICKSON

OUR EARLY CONVERTS.

(By one of the two who were first baptized at Sona Bata, then Kifwa.)

I am writing to you the way in which we first acquired the Gospel of Christ in our region. When Moses Kikwakwa and I started school, we went in the strength of the Lord; for our parents and relatives were set against any traffic in white man's books. "If you read books you will learn things you had better not know." But we paid no attention to such words, and just went on attending the classes at the Mission Station (Kifwa, some two miles away).

Then our relatives and parents were roused to great anger. "You have gone off to get bewitched; you may no longer consider yourselves as belonging to our tribe." We just said: "We don't care!" and carried on with our classes; only now we started attending the religious services as well.

Then our people became frenzied with anger; they would no longer acknowledge us or have anything more to do with us. "You have gotten bewitched by the white man," they kept drumming into our ears. But we kept right on at school and attended the services regularly.

It was about this time that the significance of Jesus as our Saviour really came home to our consciousness, and that we decided to give ourselves completely to the service of the Lord, and to hope for salvation and eternal life.

We no longer feared that when we died we should become ghosts and live in the forests, for we now believed that when we died we should go to Heaven to enjoy eternal life and to share in the glory of God. We were all the more profoundly impressed because the name of Jesus and the whole idea of the Gospel were strange and new to us all. We told these things to our prople, but they laughed us to scorn." You are just imitating the white

man. We know that when men die they become ghosts and go to live in the woods. But you, when you get to Heaven, how do you think you are going to change yourselves into white men? It is a lie that you are following. We know that God Almighty never shows Himself to men and that He has never appeared on the earth as you say He has." But in spite of these remonstrances, we kept right on at school and at prayers, and never fled the words of man.

Then we offered ourselves to follow the Lord and to be baptized. When our people heard this they were astonished. "If those boys get baptized, they said, they will give all our dead to the white man." In those days there were many things to hinder the work of God (even more than to-day). They persecuted us and begged us not to be baptized. "You will see dead men when you go under the water to be baptized". We were afraid of that too, but the Word of God held us firm through it all Tata and Mama Frederickson carefully showed us the way of God in truth, and we ourselves loved the Gospel. We were eager to understand more of the Bible and we went every day to read and to pray. We did not live on the Station but went up every day from the village where we lived. Tata Frederickson urged us to learn quickly, and he helped us continually and very effectively every day. He showed us how to develop some good habits which we have not forgotten to this day. He taught us some French also. But the poeple said, "If you learn to read in that language one fine day you will be carried off to a faraway country, for you can't stay here." So we left off studying French; we read a little but couldn't remember it. And you yourselves know that we don't know any French even yet in our old age.

Finally the people were told that the next Sunday we were to be baptized. A great crowd gathered to witness the occasion, to see how people got baptized in water. When the time came we waded into the water and were baptized. After it was over some people came up and asked if we had seen dead men under the water. We hadn't seen any. Other people fled from us as from witches. Others

hid their fetishes from our eyes, believing that if we looked upon them they would immediately become useless and begin to rot. We did not at all fear their fetishes; in fact we took and destroyed many of them with our own hands. Many people cursed us with their fetishes saying, "They will die! They will die! They will!" But we did not die, we are still alive to this day. For if we are in the Lord, no matter how much people curse us He will protect us and hold us fast in His hands, and give ignorant people a lesson. Of those who cursed us many now are dead, but we are both still alive to teach the Word. To-day many people desire to hear the Word of God and to be baptized and live like Christians. Christians are no longer persecuted as we were. In those days the people invented all sorts of things to intimidate people and hamper the work of God. Nor they themselves did not want the Word of God. Now many have believed; parents and relatives who have now the authority over the children have all become Christians and there are few who would wish to hinder the work of the Kingdom.

STEPHEN BANGU.

IN THE LAND OF THE TWIN MOUNTAINS.

As we climbed a hill, very suddenly we saw a strange looking mountain, some miles distant. It seemed to rise abruptly from a plain. It had a black summit shaped like a cap. Impulsively, I turned to a little boy, searching for his trap by the wayside, and asked: "That mountain over yonder, what is its name?"

"Nsimba", he answered, not at all surprised at my question, just as if all mountains had names.

"Nsimba!" I repeated, "But where's Nzuzi?" (In Congo, Nsimba is the name of the first born of a pair of twins. The other twin is called Nzuzi.)

"Behind Nsimba," he answered. "We cannot see the other mountain now."

Later, we did see Nzuzi. The twin mountains of rock both had black caps — groves of trees which seemed black

from a distance in contrast to the light-colored rock on all sides. They rose from a small plateau making a peculiar awe-inspiring gateway. As a matter of fact, they really can be considered a sort of gateway, for they mark the boundary between the Belgian Congo and Angola, the Portuguese colony to the south of us.

We marvelled at the twin mountains, but the people near them were even stranger. The black caps of the mountains were very impressive, but still more so was the darkness among the people. Habits and customs seemed to belong to the past. We were shocked at the uncleanliness of the women. They went to the spring for drinking water and returned without taking a bath. Some rubbed their bodies with charcoal, others preferred red clay. In one village, where someone had died, the women, to show their sorrow, rubbed a black greasy mixture on their faces and even in their hair. They were careless when they prepared their bread. Often the loaves of white manioc had many black spots. They dib not wrap the bread in leaves as our women do around Sona Bata station, so the loaves showed the imprint of dirty fingers. In carrying bread, a woman would commonly support the unwrapped loaves upon her bare chest. No wonder, then, that it was difficult for the Sona Bata boys who were with me, to eat this bread! They much preferred to be hungry.

Fetishes abounded. They were made chiefly of sticks. Sometimes they were of clay and had the shape and features of a person with face and body. Sometimes they consisted of straw and clay or chicken feathers. They might be anything upon which the witch doctor had placed his mark, as he performed the rites which were expected to give magical power. Fetishes of good luck to the hunter were common. Apparently, wild animals were not very plentiful in this country, so the greatest need was meat. The path to one village led through a gateway dedicated to the fetish of the hunt.

However, in the midst of this darkness, we could see a gleam of light. The story of Christ had been preached

and a few men and women were eagerly following the Lord. In one village, they had begun to build a church. They had no teacher as yet (*teacher* in Kikongo means not necessarily school teacher, but a teacher of the Word of God), but they hoped to have one, soon. "Please send us a teacher," was the cry wherever we went.

One village of our itinerary faced the twin mountains. When I saw we were soon to be so near Nsimba and Nzuzi, I planned to take a good look at them, for they were so interesting. But my plans I soon forgot when we arrived and met the large crowd of people gathered to see us. About eight of the villagers had already expressed their desire to follow Christ. They now prepared a place for a service, brought mats and chairs so we could sit down. We began a song and then the crowd gathered. Never before have I seen so many men, women and children at a village service. To the left of us, to the right of us, in front of us, they stood, listening attentively. May the Lord bless the hundreds who heard our simple message from John 3:16, that morning. How they plead for a teacher! The wish of this one village has already been granted, but many more villages also near the twin mountains have received no answer. Shall we not pray and do all that we can to give them also the message that "the Light of the World is Jesus"? Then, the darkness will disappear and there will remain only the black of the caps on the twin mountains.

VENDLA ANDERSON

ON RUNNING A MISSION PRESS

When as a small boy, I used to climb the steep dark stairs to Daniel Barbey's Job Printing Shop I little dreamed that I should some day be running a similar plant in the middle of Africa. But the hours spent there, watching and learning casually how printing is done, proved a most valuable part of my education, for the printing press plays an increasingly important part in the work of the Missions. This is particularly true in Congo, where primary education, conducted mainly in native tongues, is left entirely to

the Missions to conduct. No publishing house in the home lands could attempt to produce the variety of books needed in several dozen African languages; cost would be prohibitive even if anyone could be found to read proofs and make corrections. Actually the correcting can be done much better on the spot, where Native readers can check the white man's lapses; and, in fact, more and more of the writing is being done by Africans as a group of educated leaders emerges.

Mission Presses, therefore, are an integral part of well-organized missions, and their importance is increasingly recognised. The American Baptist Mission in Congo has been somewhat exceptional, in that it has had small printing plants at most of its stations, and no central plant adequately equipped for the needs of the whole field. The small station presses have done much valuable work, but as the educational program of the mission has grown, the need for a central plant of larger capacity has been increasingly felt. Within recent years a beginning has been made by assembling two of the station presses and some additional equipment at Léopoldville under the name of the *Sims House Press*.

The press takes its name from the fact that it is housed in the building which was originally built, in 1898, by Dr. Aaron Sims as a residence. This old building, of hand-moulded brick with floors of hexagonal tile, set amid towering palms which Dr. Sims planted and overlooking the spot where, in 1881, two missionaries first set foot on the shores of Stanley Pool, is one of the landmarks of Léopoldville. With the possible exception of the small brick chapel near-by it is the oldest building still standing in the city. In its choice of name, therefore, the press is paying tribute to the pioneers who opened the way for the great work of which it is a part.

There is an amusing tale connected with this same "Sims House." During the early years of this century the station of Léopoldville was occupied, chiefly as a transport basis serving the up-river stations, by missionaries of the Congo Balolo Mission. In 1908 there was in residence a family, and one single man, Mr. Guyton, who occupied the Sims House. Dur-

ing that year Prince Albert (later King Albert of Belgium), visited Congo, and the mission was informed that he would call on a certain day at ten o'clock. Great preparations were made, the whole station was carefully cleaned and decorated with palm-branches and flowers. Unfortunately a great storm in the night took down all the decorations, so that everyone had to turn out at dawn and work frantically until just before ten o'clock to make the place presentable again. Mr. Guyton turned up, suitably dressed but still breathless, at the married family's house, just as the Prince arrived. After an interval of conversation, the Prince said he would like to walk about the station. Mr. Guyton accompanied him up the path toward the chapel. As they passed the Sims House, the Prince said, in his affable manner, "And who lives here?" "I do, sir," said Mr. Guyton, visions of the disordered state of his rooms springing to his mind. "May I go in?" inquired the Prince. "Certainly, sir." (What else could the poor man say?)

As they entered the front door, they saw a hammer and nails on the table, shoes here, trousers there, a work-stained shirt over a chair; all the evidences of Mr. Guyton's hurried dressing. A slow smile spread over the Prince's face as he turned and remarked in his suavest manner: "Very comfortable, very comfortable indeed—you are a bachelor, I presume!"

Sims House to-day has little the appearance of a residence. The partitions have been removed, throwing the whole house into one largeT-shaped room. The stem of the T forms the composing room, where fifteen or twenty school boys crowd the aisles between the cases and learn the intricate art of setting type. Beyond the stands of type-cases is a large table where the press forms are made up and corrected. A proof press and imposing surface are the focus of this section. At the intersection of the wings of the house stands the head-printer's work table and chair. From this point he can readily see all parts of the plant, and work at all stages converges here for inspection. Just behind him is the larger of the two presses, a 12×18, Chandler & Price platen press, motor driven (A second-hand refrigerator motor provides the power). To the right are the second

press (an 8×12 C. & P. platen, pedal driven), and storage cupboards for paper and finished books, as well as a guilotine paper cutter. To the left are tables where folding, assembling and binding are done, with a stapler, also pedal driven. An annex provides additional room for paper storage and for certain binding operations.

Most of the work is done by school boys, but a nucleus of full-time workers, mostly graduates of the Léo school who showed aptitude as student-printers, is being formed. There are now seven full-time employes, with from twenty to forty students. The head printer, Isaac Tulanda, began to learn printing at Kimpese about 1925. He was a mere lad at the time. He now manages his large and sometimes turbulent staff with considerable skill, keeping a half dozen jobs moving smoothly along and turning out work that is creditably printed with a minimum of waste.

The most notable work so far produced is a hymnal in Kikongo which is being used increasingly by all the missions in the lower Congo. Four thousand copies of this were printed and are now being bound. This book, of about 150 pages, in stiff cloth binding, has been produced at a total cost of Frs. 5.50 per copy, about twelve and one-half cents! A specimen page is inserted here. Other recent publications include the *Gospel of John* in Kituba, (a trade-jargon akin to Kikongo widely used by government officials and others); *Pilgrim's Progress, Part II*, in Kikongo; and a translation of "*Joel, a Boy of Galilee*", a Sunday School story which has been popular in English for many years. The Press also produces the "*Evangile en Afrique*", a French periodical for Native readers every two months, and the *Congo News Letter* every quarter.

Despite all efforts, the Press is so far unable to keep up with the demand for literature in the local languages. Many manuscripts are in hand which cannot be scheduled for printing for months hence, because the type and staff will be fully engaged in other work. Other books have gone out of print, and must wait long months for

Ku ngemba kabatambwila,
I bosi mpe kavova vo—
«Nungyambulwil' aleke, ke basimwa ko.»

3 E yeno aleke nukwikilanga Yesu
Nuyindul' ak' akw' eno aya ben' e wa-ya-wa,
O Yesu ke banzeye ko
Yo wau vo wabavovela—
«Nungyambulwil' aleke, ke basimwa ko.»

4 O Yesu nkwa nkenda, watoma zol' aleke,
Wayiza kubafwila muna kubavuluza
I nsangu tubanatina,
Bazay' e mpov' a Mvuluzi—
«Nungyambulwil' aleke, ke basimwa ko.»

478 S 376 MM 11

1 MONO ki i nke ko,
Minu ndekele
:Vo i Mwan' a Nzambi,
Mpeleko i nke.:

2 Mono ki i nke ko,
Ndenda tumama
:Ye kwa se ye ngudi,
Bakunzolanga.:

3 Mono ki i nke ko
Kienzukila kia:
:Konso kuikwenda,
Nzolele bo sa.:

Mu vukisa babungana,
:Vukisa, vukisa babungana,:
Mu vukisa babungana,
Babungana mu yayibi.

4 :Yesu watuka mu kayengele,:
Kakulumuka vava nsi
Mu vutula bazimbale.
:Vutula, vutula bazimbale,:
Mu vutula bazimbale
Kwa Se dikubazolanga.

479 S 32 C 27 MM 68

1 YESU watuka mu kayengele.
Yesu watuka mu kayengele,
Kakulumuka vava nsi.
Kafwila bantu vana nti.
:Vana nti, vana nti kakwamuswa:
Kafwa, kafuluka kwandi,
Kayenda ku kayengele.

2 :Yesu watuka mu kayengele,:
Kakulumuka vava nsi
Mu vulusa bakangama,
:Vulusa, vulusa bakangama,:
Kayisa vulusi bambi,
Bakangama mu yayibi.

3 :Yesu watuka mu kayengele,:
Kakulumuka vava nsi

480 B 466 There's a Friend for little Children. SSH 93: BCH 782 (799)

1 ONKUNDI a yindende
Un' oku zulu wau,
Mundembi vilukwanga,
Nkwa nzol' a mvu ya mvu.
Akundi a nza yayi,
Ke vevi nkutu ko,
O Yesu Nkundi antomba,
Nuntatidila do.

2 E vundu ya yindende,
Yin' oku zulu wau,
Oyau, azodi a Nkûdi,
Bevundilanga kwau.
Besinga kôk' e mpasi,
Masumu nkatu mpe
Bekwama yimbilanga,
E nkunga mi' e Se.

3 E kalu ya yindende,
In' oku zulu wau,
O Yesu oyalang' aka,

Muna luvuvamu.
E kalu ya nza yayi
Ke yifwananiswa ko,
Ye yina ku nsi andi,
Yasundakan' olo.

4 O Nkundi a yindende,
Ku zulu ekalanga.
O Yandi Mfidi eno.
Nunlemvokelanga.
Nuwà o mambu mandi,
Oyeno awonsono,
Nuving' e nsambu zandi,
Nwatambul' aka zo.

481 S 362 MM 25

1 KU dizulu, ku dizulu
Tuna kwendanga
Ku divata dina
Diasa tunga S' eto
Kwa banzola, kwa banzola,
Bakunzolanga.

2 Mu divata, mu divata,
Diakayengele
Mpasi yina lembwa
Kadi tuna mona
Tata dieto, Tata dieto,
Dituzolanga.

3 Mu dizulu, mu dizulu,
Tuna monanga
Mvulusi ye Nzambi
Ye bakundi beto,
Tuna vwanda, tuna vwanda,
Tuna vunduswa.

4 Bana mona, bana mona,
Vo tuayizidi
Bana kutuzaya,
Bana yangalala,
Bu bamona, bu bamona,
Vo twavulusu.

5 Beno bantu, beno bantu,
Bu luwanga wo,
Buna luna kwiza,
Inga luna visa,
Vo mayangi, vo mayangi,
Luna monanga.

482 B 463 Rickmansworth. BCH 757 (774) SSH 236

1 YESU o wana bebeka,
Finama;
Si' e yindende mu nkata,
Mvungudi.

2 Ngolo za diatila nkatu,
Bwa tubwa,
Yesu o wana besamba,
Ubawa.

3 Nzol' eto yalembi fwana,
Sadisa,
Twakumamena mu zola,
Nze i Nge.

4 Mase ye ngudi ye mpangi,
Sambula
Yitu ye mbuta, y' alongi,
Yanzisa.

5 Mase kibeni wan' aku,
Yambula
Wantu bàzaya yo tonda
Yaku fu.

6 Nkembo kwa Tata ku zulu,
Nyundudi,
Nkembo kwa Yesu yo Mwanda,
Mveledi.

483 S 195 C 179 MM 118

1 YESU muna dizulu,
Mwan' a Nzambi Mpungu,
Wiza finama vava
Mwamu ntima mieto!

2 Yesu muna dizulu,
Wafwa mu diambu dieto,
Wiza finama vava
Mwamu ntima mieto!

3 Yesu muna dizulu,
Utuwanga kwaku!
Wiza finama vava
Mwamu ntima mieto!

4 Yesu muna dizulu,
Ngeye talanga beto,
Wiza finama vava
Mwamu ntima mieto!

484 S 364 C 211 (Angel's Story MH 226, SSH 199) MM 48

1 BINDENDE biamfonga
Bizolanga Yesu.

reprinting. Stereotyping equipment is now on order, so that when the pages are ready for printing casts can be made from them and reprinting can then be done at any time from the cast plates without having to reset the type. By this means the large press can be kept busy on reprints during the intervals when new forms are being assembled and corrected and nothing is ready for press. A particularly interesting project which has had to be postponed for the present, partly because of a threatened shortage of paper, is an edition of the Kikongo hymnal with music in the tonic sol-fa notation (widely used in England as an introduction to staff notation, and very satisfactorily used in our Congo schools.) As the hymnal contains renderings of hymns of Swedish, English and American origin, there is no single book that contains all the music; and a music edition is greatly desired. Staff notation is beyond the skill of our native compositors, but the tonic sol-fa is relatively easy. The type is on hand, but the work will have to be postponed, at least for the present. Apart from the question of paper, the building is already so full that the extra staff needed for the job could with difficulty be accommodated, and it is uncertain who would be able to read proofs on so complex a job during the months just ahead.

Illustrations are always a problem, because a small press without specially trained experts and elaborate equipment cannot make half-tones or other process blocks; and that work is expensive even when there is a suitably equiped plant within reach. The difficulty has been partly met by using wood engravings, which some Congo youths have become quite skilful in making. There is also a working agreement between several Congo Presses whereby the sets of illustrative blocks used in any book are available on loan for use in producing the same work (or similar works) in other languages. Manuscripts are also circulated for translation into other languages.

Type was formerly a most expensive item, as the letter-frequency of African languages is so unlike that of English that fonts must be cast to order. This made the cost of

type from America extremely high. Now one of the larger mission presses in Congo has a casting machine, and produces type for Léo and certain other presses at about one-third the former cost. In addition, it is near enough so that old type can be returned for recasting, saving the cost of new metal.

Thus we are gradually working toward a Press adequate for the Christian community in this area.

G.W.CARPENTER

DR. CATHARINE L. MABIE
TEACHER, PHYSICIAN, MISSIONARY EXTRAORDINARY

At the American Baptist Congo Mission Conference held August Dr. Mabie's colleagues and friends said good-bye to her. This was the eighth time in a period of forty-three years of service that colleagues had said good-bye, but this time it was different because Dr. Mabie does not expect to return to the field to which she has given her life.

Forty-three years of service in Central Africa! When Dr. Mabie came to the field in 1898, it was not more than a fifty-fifty chance that a new missionary would complete three years in Congo. At that time conditions were much more deleterious to health than they are to-day. The prophylactic use of quinine against malaria, screening of houses, the growing of fruits and vegetables, and other ameliorations now in daily use have cut down immensely the hazards of living in the Congo.

In the year that Dr. Mabie came to the Congo the first trains on the new narrow-gauge railway carried passengers from Matadi to Léopoldville, past what is known as the Cataract Region of the Congo River. Instead of spending from two to three weeks tramping the old caravan trail, the little wood-burning engine with its four cars made the 250 miles in two days of puffing and groaning unless a steep grade proved to be too much of an adversary, when a third day sometimes had to be added. Now the trip is made in

comfortable coaches, often 20 to 30 cars to the train, in eleven daylight hours.

But it is not Dr. Mabie's forty-three years of service, wonderful as that is, that makes her record remarkable. An old woman in a country section of Canada lived to be well over one hundred years of age. Her chief ambition seemed to be that she would have the largest funeral ever seen in the county. Perhaps her wish was gratified, for certainly the line of buggies, wagons, and people on foot who had come largely out of curiosity, was a sight seldom seen in that section. But there was nothing to remember about this woman except her age and her funeral.

Dr. Mabie's forty and more years of service were crowded with matters of life bringing life and health to ailing bodies, bringing abounding life, life in Christ-Jesus, to souls held in ignorance and superstition, bringing the out-pouring fountain-like life to the training of pastors and teachers that they in turn might become fountains in desert and thirsty places.

In the heading of this article some would dispute whether the word physician or teacher should come first but those of us who have been associated with Dr. Mabie's work in Congo would say they stand here in the right order. That she did a remarkable work as physician in her three terms at Banza Manteke and her five terms at Kimpese no one will gainsay. Many a missionary has been grateful to her for her knowledge of disease and cure, and many natives remember with deep appreciation how she brought them through serious illness. The student wives at Kimpese will never forget how, in daylight or while others slept, they could send for "Nengwa Dokuta" when serious trouble came to themselves or their children, knowing that with sympathy, kindness and skill she would do everything in her power to help.

But even in practice of medicine it was the ignorance of the people concerning their own bodies, the care of their children, the prevention of disease, etc., that led her to feel that her largest sphere of influence was to teach these who

were going out to be leaders and people of influence in the communities they were to serve. The swallowing of a pill might rid one of pain without helping that person to be rid of fear of witchcraft, or belief in fetishes. Many use the same word for medicine that they do for a fetish.

The Apostle John says: "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath punishment; and he that feareth is not made perfect in love." John said this because he had been in Jesus' school and had been taught over and over by word and practical demonstration until this message gripped him as the chief thing in life. And so Dr. Mabie felt too that if the Congo people were to know the love of Christ in its fulness the foundation must be knowledge and not the ignorance that gives rise to fear.

Dr. Mabie's *Forty Lessons in Hygiene*, so widely used in Congo schools, is evidence of her far-reaching influence as a teacher. She realized that these lessons must be learned "line upon line and precept upon precept." There was no short-cut for her. In her own student days she was so seized by the conviction that God meant her to be a medical missionary in Africa that no obstacle could hinder her. Because of lack of funds it meant often one meal a day but the will and soul dominated the body until she saw her purpose fulfilled. All through life she was a student as well as teacher, often giving hours to the preparation of a lesson in order that her students might see the subject as she did.

During this last term of service Dr. Mabie has made a valuable contribution to our Kikongo literature in the translation of *Joel* which pictures the time of Christ and his message in word and deed: *Christiana*, the companion volume to *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Titus, a Comrade of the Cross.*

If you want to see Dr. Mabie the teacher, look at Timotio Vingadio as he teaches. He has been closer to Dr. Mabie through a long period of years than anyone else. There you have the same clear and forceful presentation of the subject in hand, backed by a Christian char-

acter that is disdainful of everything that is petty, or shoddy or mean.

If you are looking for Dr. Mabie's influence as a physician, watch Tulanda as he deals with the people at the dispensary or goes to their homes at night to minister to the sick. His patience, sympathy and kindness reflect the impressions made on his inmost life by Dr. Mabie.

If she had done nothing more than mould the lives of these two men her years in Africa would have been well spent, but there are hundreds of others whose lives have been enriched by the contacts with her in classroom and outside it.

One cannot get a true picture of Dr.Mabie without mention of her sense of humor. Where is the missionary who has done a long and memorable service in Africa without having a vein of humor? Hers was not the boisterous explosive kind, nor was it simply a smile, but there was that happy characteristic chuckle combined with a shaking of the shoulders which showed that in mind and body she was wholeheartedly enjoying some humorous incident or story.

She always showed to a remarkable degree the ability to eliminate non-essentails which partly accounts for the amount of work she was able to do. Another quality she possessed in an outstanding degree was poise and steadiness. She was never hurried or fussy. She went calmly about her well-planned duties alway seeming to have time for extras which came up because every movement counted, and tasks undertaken were finished in logical order. In a letter to a young missionary she wrote: "In quietness and confidence shall be thy strength". Those of us who have known her intimately and have seen her reactions to various trying situations have felt that this verse of Scripture has indeed been a motto of her life.

We shall always remember this last time that Dr. Mabie led our devotions at Conference. Her thoughts were based upon the last few verses of the eleventh chapter

of Matthew and from the thirteenth chapter of John. She spoke of our need of humility, of the temptation to feel superior to the people of Congo whose standard of cleanliness has not been high, and reminded us that Christ was pretty close to the disciples when, in divine humility, He wiped their feet with the towel wherewith He was girded. The disciples were being rebuked for seeking honor and we were made to hear Christ say "It shall not be so among you". We are not here to drive or force the Congo Christians to a faster pace in Christian development but to walk beside them, yoked with them as we are yoked with Christ, lifting and carrying a share of their load.

P.A. & A.R. MacDiarmid

STATION NEWS

BANZA MANTEKE NEWS

(Omitted from May number for want of space.)

A call of distress from the Congo News Letter does not seem to move my female colleagues to take their pens in hand, and I must either harden my heart or try and do something to relieve the situation. Having learned from experience something of the problems and sufferings of the Editor of the Congo News Letter I feel that I must turn aside from the preparation of the annual financial statement to give sympathetic and if possible helpful consideration.

Just now our educationalists are busying themselves with examinations and getting ready for the closing of school on June 1-3. Usually we have closed about the middle of May but have extended the time this year in the hope and expectation of having our new Secretary, Rev. Dana M. Albaugh, with us. For weeks we have been anxiously awaiting news of his arrival in Congo and now the distressing news

comes over the radio that the Zam Zam, the Egyptian steamer on which he was travelling, has been sunk by a German raider and that he and his companions have been landed in occupied France. While this is bad news yet we are thankful to know that his life has been spared and we hope he will soon find a safe way of travelling to U.S.A. if not to Congo.

We have fifteen boys and five girls in this year's graduating class. We are to have with us for the final examinations and closing exercises a government representative, our Mission Secretary, the C.P.C. Educational Secretary for Protestant Missions in Congo, a representative of the E.P.I. Faculty, and also representatives from the English Baptist and Swedish missions. We have had an unusually large enrolment this year but have had a good year and are happy to be able to close the year free of debt. The boys have bought their own Bibles, hymnbooks, hoes, machetes and certain other school supplies, all of which they are required to have, and in addition have paid 2940 francs in tuition fees. The girls have paid 544 francs in tuition fees. For lack of rain the season crops have failed but we have received from our banana plantations, palm trees, and manioc gardens, 9200 francs worth of food, which has been a help.

During the rainy season which began on September 17 th and seems to have ended now, we had 29.9 inches of rainfall, which is fourteen inches less than we had the preceding year. Much of this came at the end of the season when the gardens had died out. From eight to ten acres we had planted in peanuts, one of the leading native foods, we failed to get anything at all, not even the replacement of the seed which we had planted. Corn and beans and other crops were failures as well. Native gardens suffered just as severely as ours so we had great difficulty in procuring daily food for 300 pupils and others whom we have had on the station. Even though hungry at times they have been very patient and have done little complaining. We have planted the ground prepared for other things in manioc, which does not require so much rain, and it is coming along nicely so there is

promise of plenty of kwanga (manioc bread) for the coming year.

At the beginning of the year a special evangelistic program was put into effect for the entire field. Native pastors and a few other leading native workers agreed to take a part in this special effort, which was designed to reach the villages in the twelve districts of our field. Two of these workers together with the pastor of a district were to itinerate together for a month preaching the Word of God with a view to strengthening and developing the spiritual life of the church. This work will have been completed by the end of May and it is to be hoped that much good will result While we have definite plans for dry season itineraries and regular annual meetings, yet the outlook for this work, as well as for other work, is not especially bright. Mr. and Mrs. Geil and Miss Bonar are finding it necessary to go on furlough within a few months and as yet the resultant staffing problem is not solved.

We are just completing a revision of our church membership roll. Each member has a membership ticket showing contributions by the month for a period of five years and only those who return their tickets with evidence of good standing are entered on the new roll and given new tickets. Here as elsewhere we have many names on our church roll which should not be there and an occasional check-up enables us to eliminate them. We hope this will result in a stronger and better church and a more effective influence and service.

Dr. Osterholm, who has been on the staff of the Sona Bata Medical School during the past year, has made monthly visits to Banza Manteke and has given us splendid help which has been appreciated by both missionaries and natives. Our nurse, Miss Lena Youngsman, finds her hands more than full and has a constant problem in finding accommodation for the many patients who come from far and near.

One of our station school graduates has successfully

passed the examination and has been admitted into the government medical school at Léopoldville, and another has been accepted for the Sona Bata Medical School.

For the third year in succession our soccer football team has played the E.P.I. (Kimpese) team. The teams tied two successive years, but this year the tide turned and the Banza Manteka team was able to win over the E.P.I. team by a score of three to nothing. The best part of it is that there was a good clean game with team work and real sportsmanship, two desirable and much-needed qualities which are evidently being developed in the work of the two schools.

JOHN E. GEIL

TONDO NEWS

(Omitted from May Number for want of space.)

Another school year has finished here at Tondo and we now have a long vacation of five months before us. That seems a long time, but it will soon pass and it does not seem long enough for all there is to do in that time. Since Mr. Brown has to do all the itinerating again this year, he will be travelling nearly all the five months. There is no-one else to share the evangelistic and school work so it all falls on us.

This year thirteen boys completed the four years of school and will be sent out to help with the evangelistic work and teaching in the villages. These are our future teacher-evangelists. They spend four years on the station learning what can be taught them in that time, to prepare them for work among their people. This year for the first time we had girls in the boys' school. Three girls had finished the courses of four years in their own school and were ready for more, so we just put them in our boys' school. They did so well in their studies that they all want to come back another year. We are pleased with the experiment and hope to have more girls taking all the classes we can give them, so that future mothers and leaders among the women will have a good foundation in the

things of the Christian faith.

The closing of school is a very important event of the year. The African does not hide his feelings as we do, and when a boy is happy about his success he shows it in true African style by shouting and dancing for joy. The boys have one week of examinations, and then comes the climax, the fatal day when their marks are read out to the classes. All through the night murmuring sounds emanated from tossing, anxious boys, too apprehensive to sleep. If a boy fails in one subject he has to repeat the year, so there is justified rejoicing when he sees "pass" on his report, and great sorrow if he sees "fail—repeat". Those who have failed go about very quietly, lie awake that night in sorrow and shame, and try to get home and away from the scene of their disgrace as quickly as they can.

We have been very happy to note that some of the church districts have slightly increased their giving for the half-year. We have three districts which are entirely self-supporting and we can see that they are "growing up," growing in self-reliance, growing in faith and in capacity to take responsibility. We still have three districts that are having a hard struggle; the Christians there are too few to support their own teachers so we help them with funds from home. In these districts there are many villages without teachers; we need to pray that young men will be willing to go and that the people will listen to their message of salvation.

A nurse has come to help Dr. and Mrs. Russell at the hospital. She is Miss Chaplin, sent by the Baptist Missionary Society, and comes from Scotland. She left England in february and had an uneventful voyage all the way. We are very happy te welcome Miss Chaplin to share the work at Tondo.

Another new member brings joy to the staff. Elizabeth Lucy was born to Dr. and Mrs. Russell on April the fourteenth, and is already a fine big girl.

ETHEL D. BROWN

CHILDREN'S PAGE

MORNING SERENADE

The sun comes up in the eastern sky. Its rays of gold travel into space. They awaken the inhabitants of the earth.

One ray awakens the lark, the national bird of the Gauls.

She soars and soars and sings without ceasing.

It is the morning serenade of the joy of living.

Another awakens the young rabbit. He leaves his burrow to run in the grass.

It is the morning serenade of happiness to be young and free.

A third ray enters the hen-house. It is late; all are in the chicken yard. The cock has already sung the serenade to the light. You know that chickens always arise early. They are not like children who do not like to get up in the morning. The chickens always like to go out in search of something to eat, they are always hungry.

A fourth ray penetrated the hive and awakened the bees. The dilligent bees begin quickly their work around the hive. They fly from flower to flower to find the honey you like. You know well that the bees always work with great pleasure.

Then this is the morning serenade of work.

A violet opens in the moss; it is the morning serenade of perfume.

Finally a ray very brave and charming enters the bed-

room of a big boy of fifteen years.

Does he jump at once out of bed? No,no,no! He opens one eye and then quickly closes it. He is angry. He does not wish at all to get up. Like all boys, he likes to sleep in the morning. Out of doors, life and work; the lark sings, the bees work, the rabbit runs and the fox too.

In the bed-room: peace, silence.

It is the morning serenade of laziness.

KAY OSTERHOLM

THE CHICKEN HAWK

How many of you children have seen a hawk? All of you. Yes that is true. Every day we see them flying about trying to steal and kill our chickens. We are all very anxious to chase them away and so we clap our hands and shout "Chaw, Chaw". And what do the chickens do? They run in under the bushes and hide, even the baby chicks are frightened and scamper in all directions.

This black chicken hawk reminds me of Satan. He comes daily trying in every way to get us, and to kill us. He tempts us to tell lies, to steal, and do naughty things. Let us chase him away as we chase the hawk, and let us run and hide in the safe place Jesus has for us. Should the chickens have more wisdom than people? We must be wise and careful too. Let us like Jesus, say to the tempter, "Get thee behind me Satan," and run into the shelter God has for us.

—A message given by a school boy at our junior church service Moanza. Translated by GWALDYS ATKINS.

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

BANZA MANTEKE

Miss Lena Youngsman
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown
Miss Ruth Dickey
Miss Esther Ehnbom

TONDO

Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B. Russell (B.M.S.)
Miss M.K.M. Chaplin (B.M.S.)

LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Carpenter (with special work)
Rev. and Mrs. S. Baiotti (U.T.M.)

KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. C.E. Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson
Miss Grace Cooper

VANGA

Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins
Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm

KIMPESE

Rev. and Mrs. U.A. Lanoue

SONA BATA

Dr. and Mrs. G.W. Tuttle
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev. and Mrs. P.A. MacDiarmi
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson
Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas

ON FURLOUGH OR EN ROUTE

Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins
Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong
Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall
Dr. Dorothea Witt
Rev. and Mrs. M.S. Engwall
Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Atkins
Miss Eva Shepard
Miss Alice Jorgenson
Rev. and Mrs. J.E. Geil
Dr. C.L. Mabie
Miss Mary Bonar
Rev. and Mrs. T.E. Bubeck